February 22.

TO-DAY we remember the heroes of old
Who have slept for a century under the mould;
We remember the spirit, undaunted and proud,
That Washington carried through sunshine and cloud.
The years pass away like the leaves on the trees,
But the flag he uplifted still floats in the breeze.
Weird Time he reverses his mystical glass,
And the phantoms of fancy they dreamily pass.
The Green Dragon tavern we cannot forget,
Where the rebels of Boston for liberty met.
The midnight awakens to hoof-beat that rings
A message of freedom—defiance to kings!
Adown through the ages that sound—Paul Revere—
On history's pages the centuries hear.
Old memories echo around us to-day;
From Lexington, listen to sound of the fray;
While Concord, arousing, sends back the alarm,
And minute-men gather from homestead and farm.
There Davis of Acton for liberty fell;
Of Butrick and Parker let history tell.
From the shores of the Mystic the low hills arise
To your memory, Warren, that shaft to the skies:
That summit of glory that crowns Bunker hill;
The spirit of Adams is guarding it still.
There Prescott and Putnam contended with fate,
There Stark led to battle the old Granite state,
There freedom, not glory, the patriots sought—
Immortal in story the hill where they fought—
There Knowlton, enshrouded in thunder and flame,
Upheld like a hero Connecticut's fame.
As long as Connecticut honors her sons,
Her Knowlton and Hale shall be glorified ones.
Pitcairn, in your valor old England takes pride,
Brave foeman undaunted, like soldier you died,
Thrice leading your veterans up the grim crest;
In Westminster Abbey profound be your rest!
From Virginia comes to the state by the bay
The trappers of Morgan in hunter's array;
From the banks of Potomac, from Shenandoah's vale,
The heroes of Lexington bid you "All hail!"
Here the "Head of the Army" meets Liberty's sons,
His welcome to Cambridge the enemy's guns.
The insolent cannon grew quiet one day,
As the haughty invaders were driven away.
Fort Sullivan, Trenton, Long Island—each name
Is written in blood upon tablets of fame.
Fort Sullivan's flag, the white crescent on blue,
Over Jasper the fearless how proudly it flew!
How Charleston rejoiced when the blue banner rose,
Waving courage to friends and defiance to foes!
At Long Island, John Callender would not retreat,
But remained with his guns on the field of defeat.
The name of a coward that the gunner had won
On the heights of the Mystic that day was undone.
What stories, Champlain, as you lie at the feet
Of "Crown Point" and "Old Ty," your blue waves could repeat;
Those fortresses frowning, they echo the story
Of old Ethan Allen and Green mountain's glory.
On the walls of Quebec listening sentinels hear
The tolling of midnight the last of the year,
As Montgomery, scorning the hot cannon's breath,
Beneath the stern fortress met boldly his death.
Christmas eve has arrived on the Delaware cold;
He is holding high festival, Washington bold.
For the Hessians a feast Christmas day they prepare,
Those heroes that crossed the storm-tossed Delaware:
A festival ghastly, where blood shall be wine,
Where the worm on the dead shall right royally dine.
Brave Morris the Quaker, immortal his glory,
The annals of Princeton emblazon his story;
Now Bennington rises, a summit of flame,
Where Stark of New Hampshire led farmers to fame,
John Stark, the old hero, who fought by the side
Of Prescott and Putnam, where great Warren died.
Triumphant his banner he bore to the height,
And his wife, Mollie Stark, was no widow that night.
Saratoga, Stillwater—they each have their story,
While Monmouth, Fort Mercer, are written in glory.
Brave General Wayne, who, the old annals tell,
Said if Washington planned it, his troops could take hell.
Stony Point and its capture shall ever remain
A monument fitting "Mad Anthony" Wayne.
West Point, at your bidding rise ghosts from the tomb,
And Andre the gifted goes forth to his doom.
A spirit so noble, his fate we bewail,
While pity is silent, remembering Hale.
Bold Benedict Arnold, how bravely he fought!
Can he be the traitor whose honor was bought?
His country's betrayer, a general brave,
He bartered his glory for renegade's grave.
Saratoga it gives him with heroes a place;
West Point has enshrouded his name in disgrace.
For Andre, Fort Griswold, he cannot atone,
This traitor who perished in exile alone.
King's mountain and Cowper's hot fighting have seen,
Where the Tories went down before Campbell and Greene,
Nathaniel Greene, who, defying King George,
For freedom and country left anvil and forge.
Oh, blacksmith immortal! resounding your blows,
That arm when uplifted struck terror to foes.
On the crest of the tempest a rainbow appears,
And Yorktown illumines the darkness of years.
The star-spangled banner, the lilies of France,
Triumphant in victory, glorious dance.
Though lives of the bravest, and millions it cost,
King George has been vanquished—an empire is lost,
Cornwallis is taken—the victory won,
On history's pages a nation begun.
Old England, our kindred in language and blood,
Each year brings us closer across the wild flood;
In your sorrow we weep, in your gladness rejoice,
And as children, remember the lost mother's voice:
The cradle-songs taught us in years that are flown,
Your Shakespeare and Milton we love as our own.

—Charles J. Duncan, in Household Monthly.

Proposing Under Difficulties.

What oddities we have seen at balls! Once, at the supper table, I saw a heavy dragoon deeply engaged with his lady. He was actually proposing, but at the moment was busy with an obstinate shoulder of lamb. In his agitation he lost control of his carving; the joint slipped and bounded from the table and fell on the floor between me and him. This was an awkward, unromantic contretemps, but, notwithstanding, the business came to a happy issue.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Hardly the Same.

"Do you feel the same for your husband as you did when he was courting you?"

"Well, hardly the same. Then most of the time I was mad for him; now most of time I am mad at him."—N. Y. Press

The Ride of Rachel Ewing

A Story of the Revolution.

[Original.]

IT was after the battle of Princeton, in the year 1777, and Washington and his little band of patriots had made themselves safe in the rugged hills of New Jersey.

Several miles from where the American army lay, secure and jubilant over its recent brilliant victories, on the slope of a wooded bluff overlooking a pleasant stream, stood the unpretentious cabin of Mrs. Ewing.

She was the widow of Jasper Ewing, a valiant patriot killed in the early part of the revolutionary struggles. Here she and her daughter, Rachel, a lovely girl of eighteen, with rosy cheeks and dark eyes, lived alone, deriving a meager livelihood from their few acres of tillable land below the bluff.

Mrs. Ewing and Rachel were firm patriots, and, though they mourned deeply over their great loss, their courage was of too high a nature to yield to despair and condemn the cause which had deprived them of a protector.

There was one in the neighborhood who would gladly have done all in his power to lessen the trials of the widow and daughter. That was Charles Rigney, whose father's well-cultivated fields lay just across the stream from the Ewing place.

Young Rigney and Rachel had grown up together from childhood, and had gone to the same school. Later, this early friendship had ripened into love on Rigney's side, but Rachel did not reciprocate his feeling. Indeed his passion and attention had begun to annoy her considerably, and several times she was on the point of dismissing him in such a way that there would be no mistaking her real feelings toward him.

But they had been friends so long, and friends in those times meant a great deal to two lonely women. She could not bear the thought of hurting Rigney's feelings. There came a time, however, when she was forced to speak very plainly.

The gloaming of a cheerless winter evening was falling over the woody bluff. Rachel was making her chickens snug for the night, when Charles Rigney rode up and reined in before the little rock poultry shed.

Springing to the ground he approached the girl, and would have embraced her had she not drawn back, and, with flashing eyes, cried:

"How dare you take such a liberty with me, Charles Rigney?"

The young man's face flushed deeply, and his voice shook with passion as he said:

"Is it possible I have made a mistake in the regard with which I was pleased to think you favored me?"

"If you believed my feelings for you were other than merely friendly, then you have indeed made a mistake," she answered.

"There is some one else whom you care for?"

The girl was silent, but the rich crimson which suffused her cheeks told Rigney he had hit the truth. He had suspected it before, but hoped to get ahead of his patriotic rival.

"It's that skulking Maj. Wayland, trailing about after that fanatical leader, Washington, who has captured your heart!" he remarked, hotly.

"Washington and Maj. Wayland are brave, noble men, far too good to have even their names uttered by a tory sympathizer," retorted Rachel Ewing.

It was a bad blow in the face and Rigney winced visibly under it. He changed his tone, however, and asked, half entreatingly:

"Will you not marry me, Rachel?"

"No, my father fought and died a patriot. I could never let his child wed a man whose sympathies are strongly against the side which he upheld. I do not love you, and can never be your wife."

"Your mind is contaminated with this foolish patriot business and you love another. I know him, and I shall find a way to have my revenge and humble your pride, Rachel Ewing!"

He darted her a look of haughty anger, then sprang into his saddle and rode away down the bluff.

Robert Wayland, an officer in the colonial service with Washington, was a handsome young man, gentle, manly and possessing many excellent qualities. His own parents had died when he was very young and he had been raised and educated by his grandparents, who lived some six miles distant from Mrs. Ewing's cabin.

It had been Robert Wayland who had brought them the first tidings of Mr. Ewing's death, and the young officer's kindness and gentle consideration during the sad period which followed had quite won the motherly esteem of the widow and the heart of the daughter.

A week went by and Rachel Ewing had nearly ceased to think of Rigney's threat to have revenge.

He would surely have enough manhood not to injure two defenseless women; then how could he find an opportunity to harm the young officer in Washington's camp?

A cold, stormy day was drawing to a close, as Rachel stood at a window of her mother's cabin and watched the descent of the snowflakes.

Her thoughts were of Robert Wayland, and she hoped that he and all his brave comrades in the patriot service were well and comfortable.

Suddenly four horsemen galloped through the falling snow and drew rein before the little rack of fodder where the cow was feeding.

It needed no one to tell Rachel Ewing and her mother that they were British soldiers.

Hitching their horses where they would be as little exposed to the storm as possible, the British troopers strode boldly into the cabin and up to the pleasant fireplace where a log burned cheerfully.

They were coarse-faced men, and their evident disrespect caused Mrs. Ewing and her daughter to shrink away in apprehension and loathing.

"It's beastly cold out," said the leader, stamping his large feet before the hearth. "Here, girl, you and the old lady fly around and get us up some supper. We've got a job to attend to to-night and we want something to brace us up."

With as good a grace as it was possible, under the circumstances, for them to command, the mother and daughter prepared supper for their unbidden guests.

As the British troopers arranged themselves around the table, the leader addressed the women in these words:

"We will excuse you now, ladies, and will wait upon ourselves, as we have a little private business to discuss."

SHE SPED THROUGH THE NIGHT AND THE STORM.

Only too glad to leave the hateful presence of their visitors, Mrs. Ewing and Rachel mounted a little ladder to a small room over the kitchen.

Scarcely had they gained this retreat when the sound of a horseman coming up the rocky road of the bluff fell on their ears.

Looking from a small window, Rachel watched the newcomer dismount and walk toward the cabin.

There was something very familiar in the man's gait, and, much disguised as he was, she was not slow in detecting his real identity.

"It is Charles Rigney, mother," the girl whispered, "and some vile plot is brewing."

"I fear so, my child."

"I must go down that ladder and play spy, mother."

So saying, she descended to the little hallway below, and entered a small closet, adjoining the kitchen.

The table where the troopers sat was only a few feet from where the girl crouched, and inclining her ear she could distinctly hear all their conversation.

Rigney had made himself comfortable before the fireplace, when the leader asked him:

"Well, what news?"

"Good!" returned Rigney, a triumphant ring in his voice.

"So we bag the young fox to-night?"

"Yes, to-night. You will then remove an enemy from my path, and at the same time capture one who can tell you all Washington's plans which he is no doubt hatching up over at Morristown."

"Good! Good!" cried the leader. "That's what Cornwallis would give a deal to know, just the precise plans that are concocting in the brain of that sly old fox. The young officer can supply that information, if we have to torture it out of him. But how did you manage the business?"

"Listen. You remember I told you I was watching the major's movements closely. Well, to-day he has been visiting at his grandparents', who live six miles from here on the Morristown road. I've just come from him. In my disguise I carried to him a false message from the widow here, whom I reported very ill and very desirous of seeing him to-night. The major's dead in love with the girl here, and of course soon gave his promise to come, as soon as he can break away from his grandfather, who is feeble and exacts much attention from his precious major, when Washington lets him run over to see the old people who raised him. He'll be here in an hour at least. Keep an eye open, and let the game walk right into the sack."

Rachel Ewing waited to hear no more, but crept noiselessly back up the ladder and reported what she had heard to her mother.

"Rigney has formed a vile plot to have Maj. Wayland captured by those rough soldiers brought here for that purpose. But I will outwit him, see if I don't!" and the girl's eyes flashed resolutely.

"But how will you do it?" asked her mother.

"I will mount Charles Rigney's horse which stands without, and ride forth to meet Maj. Wayland and warn him."

"But, Rachel—"

"I am a patriot's daughter, mother, and it is to save a noble patriot that I go. So fear not for me."

Wrapping herself in mantle and nubia, Rachel Ewing kissed her mother, then descended the ladder, and let herself out at a small back window at a remote quarter from the kitchen.

The darkness of night enwrapped the bluff, as Rachel sped around the cabin to where Rigney had hitched his horse.

The horse was one of the best in the country, and she knew if she could get a fair start she could defy all pursuers.

Unhitching the animal from the fodder rack, she vaulted into the saddle, and rode away down the woody road.

The storm had not abated much, and the cold wind of that winter night made her shiver and draw her mantle closer about her. But she rode on, undaunted by snow and wind, and resolute in her purpose to meet and warn Maj. Robert Wayland.

Reaching the foot of the bluff, she took a straight road leading to Grandpa Wayland's place, the way by which Robert would be sure to come.

She had gone but a half mile, when the steady stroke of horses' feet striking the hard, frozen road behind her told that her flight had been discovered and pursuers were on her track.

Like a frightened bird she sped along through the night and storm, the noble horse of the man whom she was outwitting never once offering to turn back or slacken his swift pace.

The sounds of her pursuers now reached her more distinctly, and, despite the speed at which her horse was going, she began to fear they were gaining on her.

Three miles passed by in that wild ride and Rachel realized that her pursuers were indeed gaining ground.

Did fate decree that they should overtake her? Must the man she loved fall into the net so artfully spread to catch him?

"Never!" she cried to herself, and, unheeding the numbness of her chilled hands, the fearless girl urged her horse forward.

She had just crossed the little ford of the stream that wound across her path, when a horseman, coming rapidly from an opposite direction, reined in before her, grasping her bridle rein in a firm hold.

She believed, in her sudden terror, that it was one of Rigney's allies stationed there, who had stopped her. She was about yielding to despair when a familiar voice called:

"Who goes there?"

"Oh, Maj. Wayland!"

"Rachel!"

In another moment the cold little hands were in his warm ones, and he was listening to a rapid account of her brave mission.

They were soon riding on to Grandpa Wayland's, where two American troopers had just arrived with a message from Gen. Washington for the young major.

Leaving Rachel in his grandmother's comfortable home, Maj. Wayland, followed by the two American troopers, chased his foes down the road and beyond Mrs. Ewing's cabin.

Bold, bad men are usually cowards at heart, and they fled wildly before the three valiant patriots.

Rigney was severely punished for the revenge he had tried to take. He was thrown from the horse, which he was riding in pursuit of the girl who outwitted him so fearlessly, and was rendered a cripple for the rest of his life.

Maj. Wayland married Rachel Ewing soon after her brave ride to save him, and the trials of herself and mother were past.

Too High Priced for George.

Washington's steward was a man named Fraunces, who liked good living and with whom Washington continually quarreled about the marketing. One time he bought a shad in February, and as Washington saw it coming into the dining-room he was charmed and asked what fish it was.

"It is a shad," replied the steward. "A very fine shad. It was the only one in the market and I bought it for you."

"But what did you pay for it?" said Washington, sternly.

"It is a very fine shad," continued the steward, "and it is cooked to a turn."

"But I want to know the price—the price!"

"It cost three dollars," stammered out Fraunces.

"Take it away," said Washington, as he raised his hand; "take it away. It shall never be said that I set such an example of luxury and extravagance."

And with that he drove the steward out of the room, and the shad was eaten in the servants' kitchen.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—He Had.—Chappy—"I, aw, say, mistah, have ye seen a fool of a chap around here lately?" Citizen—"Do you think I'm blind?"—Yankee Blade.

—Ambitious Author—"Naggus, I'm obliged to you for not pulling my last story to pieces." Literary Editor—"Not at all, Borus. I couldn't get hold of the thread of it."—Chicago Tribune.

—Young Jeweler—"I've neglected my business, run wild and failed. But I'm going to reform. I'll marry and settle down." Old Jeweler (a creditor)—"Don't you think you had better settle up first?"—Jeweler's Circular.

—Hobson—"I'm tired of life, ye see, and yet if I blow out my brains, don't you know?—the world would condemn me as a suicide." Dobson—"No, I believe the general verdict would be justifiable homicide."—Epoch.

—What He Didn't Like.—Fuldres—(nodding toward pretty girl with a dozen men talking to her)—"Yes, she's deuced pretty and smart and rich, but there are some things about her I don't like." Tuedo—"Indeed? What are they?" Fuldres—A dozen men."—Detroit Free Press.

—"Say, mister, I'm awful hungry, and I haven't had a drink for two days." "I'm sorry," said the kind-hearted policeman," but I don't see how I can help you." "You can, though. Just lend me your helmet and coat till I go around to the side door of this restaurant."—Washington Star.

—Too Wholesome.—First Tramp—"That's a dern good pair o' trousers you mowed from that clothesline last night; just as good as new, by jingo!" Second tramp—"That's what ails 'em. They are too good. I'm so used to ventilation that these things kind o' suffocate me."—Yonkers Gazette.

—He Is a Good Player.—Van Jaz—"James fell down the elevator shaft this morning from the ninth floor." Young Osborne—"Did it kill him?" Van Jaz—"No, it simply stunned him for a moment, then he jumped up and shouted, 'Who scored?' He thought he was playing football."—Brooklyn Times.

—He—"There is a certain young lady deeply interested in me, and, while I like her, you know, still I never could love her. I want to put an end to it without breaking the poor girl's heart. Can you suggest any plan?" She—"Do you call there often?" He—"No, indeed. Not any oftener than I can possibly help. She—"Call oftener."—Truth.

—"That is Orpheus," said the young man; "he was a wonderful musician. He was such a forceful player as to move trees and stones." "So?" replied the old gentleman, looking at the statue in a contemplative mood; "not so bad; but you never heard that cousin of yours play. She's only a little puny thing, but they do say she's made no less than twenty whole families move, and I guess it's no more'n the truth."—Boston Transcript.

—A Fatal Mistake.—New Waitress (at Mrs. Slimdiet's boarding-house)—"Tenderloin steak lambchopsvealcutlets pork chops eggs friederpoachedboilederdropped, broiled chicken, brook trout, game——" Old Boarder (wildly)—"What?" New waitress—"Beg pardon, I forgot. I used to be in an order restaurant. Lemme see, what is it here? Oh! Fried liver, stewed liver, or boiled." Old Boarder (weakly)—"Say-that-restaurant-bill-of-fare-over-please-and-say-it-slow. Bury-me-where-I-fall."—Jester.

THE MULE BLEW FIRST.

Why the Doctor's Treatment Was Not Effectual.

"Breathing into the nostrils of a horse when he holds in his breath," says an exchange, "has a wonderful effect in allaying his fears and calming his temper when excited." It is not known with what intent this statement was published, but if anybody is foolish enough to experiment in the manner indicated he would do well to ponder over the story of the man who had a sick mule and who consulted a so-called veterinary surgeon as to the best means of curing the animal. The owner of the mule did not exactly know what ailed the beast, and it is to be presumed that the veterinary was equally in the dark, because his prescription consisted of a powder which was to be put into a tin tube and blown up the mule's nostrils. A couple of days after leaving these directions the veterinary met the mule-owner. That person had a somewhat disfigured face and in general appeared to be rather unhappy. "How is the mule?" asked the veterinary.

"He's all right."

"Did you follow my directions about giving the powder?"

"Yes."

"Did you put the powder in a tube and blow it up the mule's nose?"

"Well, not exactly," said the man. "I put the powder in the tube all right and got all ready to blow, but there was a little hitch."

"What was the trouble?"

"Well," said the man, with a sort of a smile, "the mule blew first."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

A Real Live Lord.

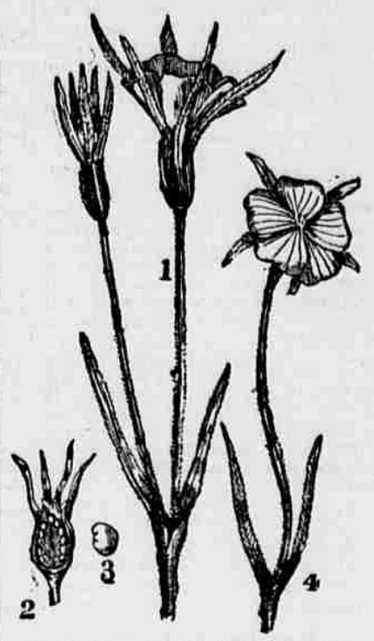
I once met a real "lord." He was the living image of Bud Jennison, who used to come to Peoria and hold auction sales of rare paintings by the old masters. I've seen him knock down a genuine Raphael, or a Paul Veronese, for two dollars and eighty cents, without the frame, that you couldn't buy in New York to-day for five dollars. He was bald, too, the lord was. I was bitterly disappointed with him, but as I grew older I became reconciled to him, because I knew that neither peer nor auctioneer could help being people. Then I was introduced to a French nobleman. He was an ambassador of some kind; I forget just what his title was, that is, I don't just forget it, but I can't exactly spell it, in print, I can spell it easily enough in writing, where I can make all the letters alike, but it is different in print. Well, I told him he reminded me so much of a friend, Hi Olmstead, who run a fish-boat down at Copperas Creek. He is dead now—the ambassador. I thoughtlessly spoke French in conversing with him, and he killed himself trying to understand me. It was my fault. I did not think that he hadn't been here long enough to learn our French.—Burdette, in Ladies' Home Journal.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ABOUT CORN COCKLE.

A Damaging Weed Among Wheat and Rye and How to Destroy It.

Cockle or corn cockle (Lychnis githago) is a very troublesome weed when it becomes mixed with wheat or rye, as the seed is so near the size of the wheat and rye grains as to make it very difficult to screen it out, and if left in it seriously injures the quality of the flour made from the grain containing it. Cockle belongs to the same family as the pink and sweet William. It is a native of Europe from which it has been introduced and scattered throughout all wheat and rye-growing sections. The plant is from two to four feet high, sparingly branched above. The leaves are three to five inches long, less than half an inch wide and gradually taper to a point. They are thick, the edges entire, and the surface, like that of the rest of the plant, is covered with fine soft hairs. They grow in single pairs at the base of each branch and opposite each other. The branches are slender, naked and terminated by flowers of a reddish-purple color from 2 to 2½ inches long when expanded. The seed-pod is oblong and roundish, and is filled with numerous dark-purple seeds. Millers consider cockle much more damaging than chess, as the latter is light and can readily be screened out, while cockle is nearly as



CORN COCKLE (LYCHNIS GITHAGO.)

heavy as the grain in which it is found. Since cockle is an annual plant, a careful selection of seed will keep it out of the fields. Sow perfectly clean seed upon land where no grain was grown the previous year, and select the next year's seed wheat from the crop grown upon this field. In a few years the wheat will be free from cockle. The grower of such seed would enlarge his field of usefulness and protect his own fields from cockle by offering clean seed to wheat-growing neighbors.—Orange Judd Farmer.

POTATO CULTIVATION.

Advantages and Disadvantages of Raising Tubers Under Straw.

The plan is a good one in a dry or loamy soil, especially in a dry season, but in a wet soil it is liable to prove a failure. The soil should be prepared in as good a tilth as possible, plowing deep and working fine with the harrow. It is essential with all root crops to have the soil stirred deep and worked into good tilth. Mark out the furrows very shallow, as a very light covering of soil should be given. Make them as close together as they can well be run with the plow; as no cultivation is to be given it is a waste of land, work and straw to have the rows more than two feet apart; one and a half is still better, and then have the hills one foot apart in the rows.

As to the seed there is considerable difference of opinion. Some prefer to cut to single eyes and then drop two cuts in each hill; others prefer to cut two of these eyes and drop only one cut in each place; while again, others prefer to select out medium sized tubers and plant whole, and after they come up to thin out to not more than three vines to each hill. Others again pick out all the small potatoes and plant them as they are. There is no advantage in cutting a day nor an hour before planting only to save time. If the potatoes are cut it will be a little better to place the cut side down in the dropping. Cover with soil and step on the hill after covering, in order to have the soil and tubers come in close contact. Cover with wheat straw. When fresh laid on it should average eight inches deep, but it will settle considerably, as a mulch that deep would rot the potatoes before they would germinate. Always use wheat straw; oat straw usually contains too many seeds that will germinate and often form a mat through which the potato plants cannot force their way. In a loose, loamy soil or in localities subject to drought the plan is a good one.—St. Louis Republic.

Hens Carrying Ducklings.

Ducklings are so easily raised by hens, and require so little care, compared with chicks, that it will pay to have hens to sit on ducks' eggs and bring off the young. Of the large eggs of the Pekin, eight will be sufficient for a large hen. It is not necessary to turn the hen and ducklings out, or allow them to go near the water. On the contrary, they should be kept warm and dry. Young ducklings should not be given very cold water to drink, as it cramps them, and under no circumstances must they become wet. Feed them liberally and often, and give the hen and ducklings plenty of litter upon which to sleep at night. As they grow very rapidly they soon become too large for a hen to hover them, and for that reason they should be looked after at night, and fastened up in a warm, snug box.—Farm and Fireside.